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TO

H. V.

Quand les maux ou les ans auront mûri ce fruit éphémère, nous le laisserons tomber sans murmure ; et tout ce qu'il peut arriver de pis en toute supposition est que nous cesserons alors, moi d'aimer le bien, vous d'en faire.

Rousseau to Daniel Roguin, September 22, 1764.

INDICIA.

C'était le temps où le bimane,
Vivant dans un champêtre enclos,
Avait le ton, la voix, l'organe,
Mais non les mots.

Porvin.

C'est à peu près la ruse des singes qui, disent les Nègres, ne veulent pas parler quoiqu'ils le puissent, de peur qu'on ne les fasse travailler.

Rousseau to Hume, March 20, 1766.

So truly as *language* is what man has made it, just so truly *man* is what language has made him.

George P. Marsh, Lectures on the English Language.

The whole appears to resolve itself into this—that Man is originally a four-footed creature, subject to the same mischances as the beasts of the forest.

Keats, Letter, April, 1819.

I said in mine heart it is because of the sons of men, that God may prove them, and that they may see that they themselves are but as beasts. For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them. As the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; and man hath no pre-eminence above the beasts: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man whether it goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast whether it goeth downward to the earth?

Ecclesiastes, iii. 18–21.

Was bin ich, wenn ich nicht unsterblich bin? Entweder unsterblich oder weniger als Vieh. Eine Betrachtung . . . über den Zustand der Menschen und des Viehes in dem engen Bezirk ihres Daseyns auf der Welt.

Pamphlet, Offenbach am Mayn, 1776.

Eutrapelus.— Finge igitur animam hominis demigrare in corpus galli gallinacei; num ederet vocem quam nunc edimus?

Fabulla.— Nequaquam.

E.— Quid obstaret?

F.— Quia desunt labra, dentes et lingua similis: nec epiglottis, nec tres adsunt cartilagines a tribus motæ musculis, ad quos pertinent nervi a cerebro demissi, nec fauces nec os simile.

E.— Quid si in corpus suis?

F.— Grunniret suillo more.

E.— Quid si in corpus cameli?

F.— Caneret ut canit camelus.

E.— Quid si in corpus asini, quod evenit Apuleio?

F.— Ruderet, opinor, ut asinus.

. . . . . .

Fabulla.— Alioqui quidquid adhuc dixit [Aristoteles] de anima hominis, competit in asinum et bovem.

Eutrapelus.— Imo in scarabeum quoque et limacem.

F.— Quid igitur interest inter animam bovis et hominis?

E.— Qui dicunt animam nihil aliud esse quam harmoniam qualitatum corporis, faterentur non ita multum interesse; videlicet, harmonia soluta, perire animas utriusque. Ne ratione quidem distinguitur bovis ab hominis anima, sed quod boum minus sapit quam homi-

num; quemadmodum videre est et homines qui minus sapiunt quam bos.

F.— Næ isti bubulam habent mentem.

. . . . . .

Eutrapelus.— Idem agit scarabei anima in suo corpore. Nam quod quædam aliter aut aliud agit anima hominis quam scarabei, partim in causa est materia. Non canit, non loquitur scarabeus, quia caret organis ad hæc idoneis.

Fabulla.— Illud igitur dicis: si anima scarabei demigraret in corpus hominis, idem ageret quod agit anima humana.

Erasmus, Colloquia: Puerpera.

Negas tu quidem, sed aliud dicturi sint equi, si loqui liceat.

Erasmus, Colloquia: Herilia jussa.

Goethe spoke of the Horse— how impressive, almost affecting, it was that an animal of such qualities should stand obstructed so; its speech nothing but an inarticulate neighing, its handiness mere *hoof*iness, the fingers all constricted, tied together, the finger-nails coagulated into a mere hoof, shod with iron. *Carlyle, Past and Present.*

Ye have no more religion than my horse.

(*Pseudo-*) *Cromwell to Long Parliament.*

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid
and self-contained . . .
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins,
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Walt Whitman.

THE NEW GULLIVER.

MR. Theophilus Brocklebank, a graduate of Yale College and later a member of the Rocky Mountain exploring party of 1873, had finally decided between his predilections for science and for linguistics in favor of the latter, and betaken himself to Germany, where he zealously pursued his studies for two years. At the end of that time his health became a concern which could no longer be disregarded, and, his physician having recommended an ocean voyage, he embarked for the

East via the Suez Canal. On his arrival in Bombay in the first week of August, 1876, he was met by the news of Stanley's appearance at Ujiji, after a twelvemonth's eclipse among the waters of the two Nyanzas; and, obeying a sudden whim, and resisting the temptations which India offered to a student of Sanskrit, he took a chance passage to Zanzibar on a sailing-vessel carrying no European except the officers and part of the crew. On the twentieth day out, in the early morning, a storm such as the Indian Ocean is an adept in breeding was encountered, and the solitary passenger, climbing, staggering, and tumbling on deck, understood at a glance that death was not far off. The

ship lay almost on her beam ends, her rent canvas flying in long streamers, and the sea breaking over her in fury. Theophilus had no sooner taken in the situation than a wave heavier and more resistless than the rest swept him over the stern, and when he had risen to the surface the ship was no longer in sight. A mass of floating stuff immediately surrounded him, and he was fortunately able to seize and cling to a spar which for the moment assured his preservation.

Brocklebank was a good swimmer and possessed a cool head, and when the tempest had spent itself, which it did in a short hour, he managed to get astride the spar in order to rest his

arms as well as for a wider prospect. He was not a little cheered by the unexpected sight of a low, sandy shore, fringed with woods, to the leeward, towards which repeated observations showed that he was steadily drifting. He tried to recall from the chart the probable name of the island (for such he was forced to regard it from his daily study of the ship's course), but to no purpose. It would have been pleasant to fancy it Zanzibar, but delusive also, as Theophilus well knew. Still, whatever the land might be called, it was the only hope of rescue from his present predicament. As the shore grew more distinct, he imagined he saw huts upon it, and an animal mov-

ing rather rapidly along the beach; and then, in the very act of straining his eyes to confirm their first report, he felt that the current had taken a turn and was hurrying the spar back out to sea.

Less than a mile (as he judged) lay between him and the yellow sands, and with characteristic decision he resolved to swim it. So, casting off everything likely to impede his progress, and sighting a towering tree as his goal, he plunged in and struck out, exerting himself only so much as seemed necessary for headway. The effort was still not inconsiderable for his untried muscles, and the force of the current slightly increased as he neared the

strand. By degrees his strength began to fail him, and his heart also; his endurance almost ceased to be voluntary, and when, as the reward of it, a thin line of breakers alone remained to be overcome, he felt his muscles and his mind refuse their office together, was barely conscious of being seized firmly by the collar of his vest and pulled through the foaming waters, and then swooned quite away.

When he awoke, he was lying at the foot of his great tree; an earthen bowl of milk stood beside him, and at a little distance he saw, seated upon its haunches and viewing him with a respectful curiosity and (as he thought) sympathy, a dapple-gray horse of rare

intelligence of expression. That Theophilus had fully recovered his senses was evidenced by his involuntary exclamation—"A Houyhnhnm!" At this the attentive steed pricked up his ears, and the mad fancy occurred to the shipwrecked philologist that he would put to the test some speculations in which he had indulged at Berlin, when arguing with Professor Friedrich Weber that the science of language should not acknowledge itself inferior to that of anatomy: that if Cuvier could reconstruct an animal from a few bones, or from a single one, a Bopp should be able to frame a grammar and even a vocabulary from materials not less scanty.

"For example," said Theophilus, "Gulliver has left us not more than a dozen and a half words of the language of the Houyhnhnms, yet I venture to believe that I can show how their parts of speech were formed and inflected, and in what direction we have to look for roots not indicated by Gulliver."

Any other than a German professor would have stared at the propounder of such a thesis, but Brocklebank was encouraged by Weber to proceed, and the result was, that he gave himself to the task for a fortnight with consuming ardor, and in the end produced roots, words, phrases, a system of syntax which the good professor could not

call in question — though he could not, with Gulliver, discover in it any affinity to the High Dutch — and which our Theophilus never dreamed that he should have an opportunity of demonstrating.

He now, not without stammering, and in as great fear of faulty accent and grammatical solecisms as if he were addressing a member of the French Academy, began to accost his preserver; at first with thanks, which he instantly perceived to be comprehended, though, whether from high breeding or from sheer amazement, the noble animal said nothing in response. It was necessary for Theophilus to go further.

"I am," he ventured, "in the same plight with Gulliver—"

At the sound of this name the horse quivered with delight. He rose to his feet, gently pushed the bowl of milk nearer to the shipwrecked man, as if begging him to partake, and asked, speaking very slowly and distinctly,

"Do I see the son of Gulliver?"

"No," answered Theophilus, checking his amusement by the thought that the term of life of a foreign Yahoo might well be unknown to his interlocutor; and vastly pleased withal that he had indeed rediscovered the land of the famous voyager. "No, there are so many lives between us" (holding up eight fingers, for he was a little weak

in the Houyhnhnm numerals); "nor am I of his countrymen, though I speak the same language."

"His name," said the dapple-gray, "has been handed down to us and is known of all, and it was my ancestor who first met and befriended him. His coming marks the greatest change in our thoughts and beliefs. We are accustomed, for certain purposes, to date before and after Gulliver. Perhaps you can tell us of him?"

"His fate is obscure," replied Theophilus warily. "He returned to England, his native country, where he lived to relate the story of his adventures on this island, which was scoffed at as pure invention by the most, but which he

authenticated by the difficulty he found in reconciling himself to live with his fellow-Yahoos, even with his own wife. Should I ever be restored to my native land (which Englishmen settled), I should rejoice to report the progress you have made in the meantime."

The labor of putting these ideas in shape in the language of the Houyhnhnms was, for Brocklebank, almost as exhausting as his struggle with the breakers. He took a copious draught of milk and lay down, while the considerate beast resumed his sitting posture near him.

"Rest, Gulliver," he said. And then, "But I must no longer confound you. By what name should you be called?"

Brocklebank found, to his great satisfaction, that his surname gave the steed even less trouble to pronounce, after two or three repetitions, that that of Gulliver; and, having expressed his desire, while recovering his strength, to hear about the revolution produced by Gulliver's visit, he reclined at his ease while the dapple-gray retailed the history of the island since the days of good Queen Anne. But, that the narrative might have a definite point of departure—"Gulliver reported," said Theophilus, "that, shortly before he left this country, your Grand Council debated whether the Yahoos should be exterminated, and were so nearly of that mind that your ancestor felt com-

pelled to dismiss Gulliver. When, if I may, I go up with you to the city, I shall see with my own eyes what has become of the Yahoos. Meanwhile, let us begin with them."

"You have," said the dapple-gray, "put your finger on the source of the great transformation which has come over us. I have heard my grandfather tell that while it was still unsettled what policy should be enforced towards the Yahoos, and not long after Gulliver had put to sea, the country was invaded, as formerly by the Yahoos from the mountains, now by a troop of diminutive four-toed Houyhnhnms (I use the name for your understanding)—a creature undreamt of, issuing from re-

mote swamps; in numbers to be compared only with rats. The words of remonstrance which in all reasonableness we addressed to them for overrunning our plantations were not intelligible to them, nor did they appear to have any language of their own, beyond vague cries, nor any arts or civic organization. In short, while we were deliberating whether to exterminate the Yahoos, we were in danger of being ourselves exterminated by creatures bearing our own image, but manifestly devoid of reason, justice, or moderation.

"By the utmost exercise of force, in which the Yahoos themselves were found indispensable, we succeeded in destroying a great many, and in driving

back to their fastnesses all but a few, who were retained captive from curiosity, and some of whose descendants I will presently show you as we go up to the town. But it was impossible after that for us to entertain the same ideas concerning ourselves or the world about us. We compared ourselves with the four-toed enemy, and observed a difference in mental capacity and behavior like that observed in the case of our own Yahoos and of Gulliver. This not only confirmed the belief in our own perfection, but led the more inquisitive to speculate on the causes of the favor we enjoyed over all created beings. My ancestor, remembering his conversations with Gulliver, conceived

there might be something in the idea of a Great Spirit as entertained by the foreign Yahoos; and, the doctrine being urged, a division by and bye arose that has lasted to this time, though there are now few who deny the existence of a Supreme Houyhnhnm. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Perfectly," answered Theophilus; "he is what we call God."

"Had we stopped there," continued the dapple-gray, "all might have been well; but from that speculation we passed to considerations of what happened after death — whether we should live again in another form not subject to suffering and decay; whether, as we maintained degrees of subordination

here,—the white, sorrel, and iron-gray being in the lower station, and not admitted to intermarriage,—the same thing would hold in a future life, or even whether there would be any future life for the lower grades. Upon this, other divisions grew up, some affirming and others denying a future life, and the lower orders maintaining their right to it on an equality with the higher. Hence a disturbance of the old relations, frequent controversies over rank and duties, attempts to intermarry, and such passions and disorders that it began to be seen that a future life on this pattern would not be worth having.

"A new sect sprang up, having for its doctrine that the future life was in-

deed for all Houyhnhnms, but that some, the rational-minded, would have a tranquil and happy existence, while the turbulent and contentious would be visited with everlasting punishment. Such a compromise furnished a mode of return to our old harmony so far as that all were given a chance of a blissful hereafter, and it has been adopted by all save a small minority, who profess simple ignorance of the whole matter. These are generally regarded (by myself among others) as certain to be damned eternally, notwithstanding their good behavior during their life here.

"But the day is advancing, and we should be going up to my house — the

same, only made over, which Gulliver shared."

The way led through a park-like country with short vistas, along a well-beaten road, in a turn of which they came upon an enclosure of perhaps three acres, where were grazing, or running at large, the tiniest horses ever seen by the eye of man. They had the size of a fox, but were too far off to reveal their digits.

"Behold," said the dapple-gray to Theophilus, whose conjecture had outstripped the announcement, "the degraded travesty of the Houyhnhnm!"

He would have passed on, but Brocklebank entreated him to stay for a nearer view of these extraor-

dinary creatures. The beast good-naturedly complied, and of his native courtesy summoned help to drive the little troop towards the nearest portion of the field. Upon this, appeared a number of Yahoos wanting little of the odious aspect ascribed to them by Gulliver, and proving that the race had not been exterminated. They had, the dapple-gray explained, been spared for their aid in driving off not only the four-toed invaders, but a later and more annoying (because tree-climbing) set of invaders of their own kind, though smaller and having tails, and whose very likeness made them (so it seemed to the lords of the island) more hateful to the Yahoos.

The keepers of the herd had no difficulty in bringing them to the paling, and Theophilus viewed with strange emotions what Darwin would have called a "living fossil," that had endured so long "from having inhabited a confined area, and from having been exposed to less varied, and therefore less severe, competition." He had no doubt that he saw in the flesh and in active motion that very *Orohippus major* (Marsh) whose bones, entombed in the Eocene formation of Wyoming, he had with his own hands disengaged to be shipped to New Haven. There were the four toes before and the three behind, and there were the large canine teeth, indi-

cating that the mouth still remained the animal's chief defence for want of the vigorous single-toed hoof of *Equus*. Theophilus explained to his guide, as well as he could, the strange circumstance, and was no less surprised than delighted when told that some carcases, having escaped detection for burial, had been picked clean by rodents and insects, and the skeletons thus prepared had been saved in a museum not far off.

In fact, the building which answered to this name, contained not only the skeletons in question, but (such had been the growth of curiosity since Gulliver's day among the Houyhnhnms) of asses, cows, and even some

of the Houyhnhnms themselves, and, along with skeletons of the monkey incursionists, others of the Yahoos. He therefore examined with much interest the bones of *Orohippus*, when his quick eye detected a rudimentary fifth toe that he had overlooked in the living animal, and, pointing it out to his guide, he held up his five fingers to suggest the parallelism. Such a genus had not been unearthed in America, and he was charmed with the thought that he might some day connect his name with it, little dreaming that, at that very moment, Huxley was predicting to a New York audience its ultimate discovery (in his last lecture on "The Direct Evidence of Evolu-

tion"), and that Professor Marsh would promptly bring to light from the lowest Eocene deposits his five-toed *Eohippus*.

"I see," said Theophilus to his equine friend, "that the resemblance of your own bodies to those of your little enemy has not escaped the notice of your savants who have mounted these bones here. Still more would it strike you if you could see, as I have seen in my country, a row of skeletons beginning with four toes and ending with Houyhnhnms, and passing through all the intervening sizes. From that we make bold to say that the one-toed is derived from the four-toed (or, as I now perceive, from the five-toed)."

"The absurdity is worthy of a Yahoo," said the dapple-gray with some irritation, "and it would not be prudent to mention such an idea to anybody but myself. This foreign race has neither mind nor reason; has at most a blind instinct like that of rats, rabbits, or *our* Yahoos."

"But," said Theophilus, "looking at the series grading off into each other, it is hard to believe that there is any essential difference among them, and my countrymen do in fact connect them together, while acknowledging the Houyhnhnms to be much the most advanced and noble creation. We put it in this way: we ask ourselves, Would the inhabitants of another

world, entering our museums and studying these skeletons, suspect any difference — I do not say in mind or reason, but in community of origin?"

"Perhaps not," answered the dapple-gray, "but this would only prove how little such rubbish has to tell. Can these five-toed dwarfs build houses, cultivate the soil, make vessels of clay, compose poetry, or calculate eclipses? Judge, then, how impassable is the gulf between us. Greater than all distinctions, however,—as great as between you Gullivers and *our* Yahoos,—is the destiny assigned to each, proving that we are separate creations, with no other than an accidental outward resemblance. For who can believe that

these brutes are to live hereafter, or, more ridiculous still, that they are damnable by the Supreme Houyhnhnm?"

Theophilus felt that the debate was approaching dangerous ground. Still,

"How can you be so sure of that?" he inquired.

"Because salvation and damnation are reserved for creatures possessing a moral sense."

"But is the moral sense lacking in such as live peaceably among themselves, albeit without arts and the higher knowledge? Do not even your Yahoos obey you, as your servant class does, and is there not something of morality in their subordination, however much inspired by fear?"

"You waste your breath," said the steed; "there can be no moral sense without language. But for that, you Gullivers would have remained simple Yahoos."

"I am glad," remarked Theophilus with a smile, "that you leave us some hope of a future existence."

"I am not certain as to that: it is a question which I do not recall ever having heard debated. But of one thing I am positive, that you are, and (if you live again) will be, held accountable for your misdeeds, whereas it would be the height of the ridiculous thus to hold our Yahoos, who simply act out their own imperfect natures."

"Your perfection, suffer me to say, seems to me to hang upon a very slender difference between yourselves and your five-toed enemies, who, if they cannot converse among themselves, have yet a voice, and cries of warning, rage, and affection, that are intelligible to them and easy to be understood by us."

"Be the difference small or great," responded the dapple-gray tartly and after a pause, "it is enough."

"But," urged Theophilus, "suppose you only *acquired* your power of speech?"

"Impossible! It needed a special act of creation. The Supreme Houyhnhnm purposely drew the line. Think

of the infinite trouble of judging the deserts of cows, weasels, rabbits, fish, and Yahoos!"

"What!" exclaimed Brocklebank, "you actually boast of a possession which, while it crowns your perfection, brings you in danger of everlasting punishment?"

"And do you do otherwise?" retorted the steed. "Look," he continued, pointing to the skeletons of monkeys and Yahoos; "would your planetary visitor not see a likeness in these creatures to yourself, and infer a common origin with as much certainty as your wise heads make a series beginning with Houyhnhnms and ending with our five-toed counterfeits?

Tell me, do you ascribe a moral sense to these long-tailed Yahoos — I had almost said Gullivers? Or do they perhaps speak in your country?"

"They have no language."

"Well, then, do you allow them a moral sense? do you concern yourselves about what becomes of them hereafter?"

"We do not," confessed Brocklebank — "nor," he was tempted to add, "about our Houyhnhnms, to whom we at least atone for all the hardship and cruelty we visit upon them, by sparing them the glorious privilege of eternal punishment in another existence."

"And wherein does *your* perfection lie if not in speech alone? and is it not

by speech that you are damned, and by want of it that they escape?"

Brocklebank in his turn was silent, and there leaped to mind a saying of the savages of Luzon, with regard to the apes, that they do not speak for fear of being obliged to pay taxes. At length he resumed:

"As respects the future life, perhaps it might have been better if language had been denied us."

"That is neither here nor there. You would have us Houyhnhnms acknowledge our kinship with dumb beasts having an outward resemblance to ourselves not greater than that between yourselves and these tailed Yahoos, whom, nevertheless, you do not

deny that you do not include in your scheme of morality in this life, or of salvation in the next."

"I must admit," said Brocklebank, "that our perfection rests on the same basis as yours — that is, on language; and that theology was invented for those who talk. We have an old poem containing the Debate of the Body and the Soul, which hints at this. 'I should,' says the Body—

"'I should have been but as the sheep,
Or like the oxen or the swine,
That eat and drink, and lie and sleep,
Are slain, and after know no pain;
Nor money cared to win or keep,
Nor knew the odds of well or wine,
Nor now be bound to helle deep,
But for those cursed wits of thine!'

Yet the trouble, after all, lay not with the Soul's wits, but with the Body's vocal organs — for we cannot deny wits (*i. e.*, intelligence, comprehension, ideas) to the dumb creation."

Even as he spoke, Theophilus observed a strange agitation in his companion, who, by virtue of his four feet, was soonest conscious of a trembling of the earth which quickly grew until to the human sense also it was plainly perceptible. Both hurried to the doorway of the museum, through which the Houyhnhnm might easily have preceded, but he civilly refused the advantage, and Brocklebank — not more by his own volition than by his mo-

mentum — passed out, and just in time, for the hut fell at that instant, entangling the belated and self-sacrificing steed. The shocks were now so violent that Brocklebank, longing in vain to extricate his two-fold saviour, could not stand upright. The sky was overcast. In the distance a light like that of an eruption was visible. The cries of the Yahoos were heard on all sides, mingled with neighing and the bellowing of kine. Theophilus was aware of a general movement of creeping things past him shoreward, then of a reflex movement, as of the sea pursuing. In fact, the land was sinking; and, as he stood up to meet his fate, he was lifted upon the flood. The sub-

sidence was gradual, but effective, and in a few hours there was nothing left of the civilization or the race of the Houyhnhnms, or of their peculiar theology, for which the universe had now no further need.

While all this was going on, the passengers on the steamer *Sheol*, Burnham master, from Port Darwin bound for Liverpool, were terrified by successive shocks which they at first interpreted, as did the captain himself, to mean that the vessel had grounded, but to which they presently assigned the true cause in some neighboring earthquake. Towards the close of the afternoon an extraordinary shoal of carcases,

mostly horses, was encountered — so great that no foundered ship could have contained them all. In the midst of them, on a sort of natural raft, a half-clothed human form, more dead than alive, was descried; and, a boat having been lowered, it proved to be no other than our American, who was taken on board and tenderly restored.

Brocklebank reached New York by Thanksgiving day, which he celebrated with his family in no perfunctory spirit, while they were not a little alarmed for his sanity by his strange recital of what had befallen him. He paid an early visit to Professor Marsh at New Haven, and was dumfounded by the sight of *Eohippus* already set up in its

place. Fearing that scientist's incredulity, he kept silent about his experience with the "living fossil," and contented himself with volunteering to join the next Yale expedition to the Rockies. Meanwhile, he pondered much on the theological problem which had survived the Houyhnhnm cataclysm, and set to work upon a treatise having for epigraph that query of Carlyle's, in the 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,'

"Am I not a horse and *half*-brother?"

this couplet of Baudelaire's,

"Nous sommes des animaux,
Voilà mon système!"

and Darwin's

"—but man can do his duty";

and beginning with the following extract from the sixteenth chapter of Judd's 'Margaret':

"'What is God?' said Margaret one morning to the Master, who in his perambulations encountered her just as she was driving the cow to pasture, and helped her put up the bars.

"'God, God—' replied he, drawing back a little, and thrusting his golden-headed cane under his arm and blowing his nose with his red bandanna handkerchief. 'You shut your cow in the pasture to eat grass, don't you, mea discipula?' added he, after returning the handkerchief to his pocket, and planting himself once more upon his cane.

"'Yes,' she replied.

"'What if she should try to get out?'

"'We put pegs in the bars sometimes.'

"'Pegs in the bars? ahem! Suppose she should stop eating, and, leaning her neck

across the bars, cry out, "O you, Mater hominum bovumque! who are you? Why do you wear a pinafore?"—in other words, should ask after you, her little mistress; what would you think of that, hey?'

"'I don't know what I should,' replied Margaret, 'it would be so odd.'

"'Cows,' rejoined the Master, 'had better eat the grass, drink the water, lie in the shade, and stand quietly to be milked, asking no questions.'"

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